A PARLIAMENT MAGAZINE

TIP TOP

FROM THE TIP OF THE TOES TO THE TOP OF THE HOSE

VOL.3 NO.3
$1.50

HOW SONIA STRUMS ON NYLON HOSIERY ON THE HOMEFRONT
THE LEG WATCHERS' LEAGUE ARTICLE: WHY WATCH LEGS?
TT GOES ON A NYLON PICNIC

Adults Only

Lush Life on the Nylon Strip / Gamble on Gams

TT

FROM THE TIP OF THE TOES TO THE TOP OF THE HOSE

VOLUME 3 / NUMBER 3 / JANUARY / 1964

Editor
Charles Simpson

Photo Editor
George Cross

Art Director
Michael Richards

Advisory Editor
Elmer A. Batters

COVER MODEL

Dina Norman

TIP TOP is published six times a year by American Art Agency, Inc., 7311 Fulton Avenue, North Hollywood, California. All rights reserved on entire contents of this issue; nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Copyright: American Art Agency, Inc., 1964 Manuscripts and illustrations must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope; the publisher cannot assume responsibility for the safe return of unsolicited material. The American Art Agency does not release any information about or sell photographs of any model appearing in this magazine. Any similarity between persons living or dead and the characters named in the fiction or the semi-fiction herein is entirely coincidental. All photographs in this magazine, except those of public figures, are posed by professional models and neither the photographs nor the words accompanying them describe, or are meant to be understood as, the actual personality or conduct of the model. Subscription rates: $12.00 per year first class mail. For adults twenty-one years of age and over. Checks only accepted. Application for entry as Second-Class matter pending at the post office at North Hollywood, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PERSONALITIES

4 NYLON PICNIC . . . . . *Carolyn Cutler*
22 TIP TOP TOAST OF LONDON . . . . . *Ardyth Lyme*
34 SONIA STRUMS ON NYLON . . . . . *Sonia Sonic*
54 THE LONG, THE BLACK & THE SHEER . . *Tawny Hines*

PICTORIALS

14 SILKEN TOUCH OF DAWN . . . . . *Dawn Singleton*
44 WINDBLOWN WONDER . . . . . *Bobbi Gunnar*
62 LUSH LIFE ON THE NYLON STRIP . . . . . *Romy Taylor*
74 WEATHER REPORT: SHEER AND WARMER . . . . . *Von Williams*

FEATURES

40 MISS TIP TOP (Center Spread) . . . . . *Sonia Sonic*
42 DEAR ELMER BATTERS . . . . . *Letters from leg men*
60 TIP TOP'S THE BIG EYE . . . . . *Leg line research in depth*
70 HOSIERY ON THE HOMEFRONT . . . . . *Readers' own photo gallery*
72 ELMER'S FIGURE FILE . . . . . *Brief glimpse at the master's best*

FACT AND FICTION

12 GAMBLE ON GAMS . . . . . *Fiction by Paul Roberts*
30 WHY WATCH LEGS? . . . . . *Article by Goodwin Stephens*

SPECIAL

18 THE LEG WATCHERS' LEAGUE . . . . . TIP TOP *bulletin*

The latest news is still good news as the Leg Watchers' League goes into its sixth big month of recruitment. At LWL/HQ we're swamped with back orders for membership, but not so swamped that we can't process one more!

◀ FOOTNOTES ▶

The first of the year — and what a great year it's going to be for leg men! Not only here in the States, but all over the globe, wherever TIP TOP is read and wherever some dedicated observer is tearing out the coupon and subscribing to the *Curvilinear Cause* by joining the Leg Watchers' League.

The list of Leaguemen is mounting and daily mail is gratifying on that score alone. Likewise, the number of opinionated readers (and we mean it in the most respectful way) continues to increase with each issue. As we've stated many times before, TIP TOP is *your* magazine. Without those letters of praise and blame, of shared experience, of general observation, we could not continue to turn out a publication worth your reading time. Never, under any circumstances, hesitate to give us a piece of your mind. We bask in your approval, but we thrive on your constructive criticism.

With the advent of a brand new year, we're taking a new tack in our approach to the wondrous women who decorate the pages of TIP TOP. We're bending every possible effort toward securing information in depth . . . and presenting it in high, readable style. After all, models are more than just likely forms on which to display attractive nylons and assorted frilly foolishness. You will notice a marked change in this regard on the ensuing pages, and we sincerely hope it is a change for the better.

A closing word about *Hosiery on the Homefront*. The response to this new readers' feature has been tremendous. In approval, that is. But homefront photographers are showing a certain reluctance to send in their pictorial work. Which brings up the most vexing question we've ever had to face at TIP TOP: how can we hope to gratify readers' requests for shots of wives and sweethearts when readers are slow about sending them in to us? Any suggestions?

Charles Simpson
Editor

PROTESTA PER L'ALTO ADIGE

NYLON PICNIC

What do you do for the girl who has everything? Very little, indeed. Matter of fact, if you're half as wise as you look, you leave it to her to figure out her own fancy. She'll be a lot happier, and so will you. Take the curious case of Carolyn Cutler who has more brains, more beauty, more cool cash than any ten other girls. And when the waves of boredom settle in, she knows exactly what to do. She hops in her town car and heads for the wide open spaces where a lady can stretch her limbs.

Clearly, Carolyn's got it made. For one thing, she is a sheer genius when it comes to surrounding herself with efficient, skilled help. For another, her mode of living is so incredibly high (not to mention her taste which is refined beyond most men's comprehension!) that it is a fortunate thing she can actually afford living up to her own standards.

Are you beginning to form the opinion that Carolyn Cutler is far beyond the reach of mortal men? You may be right, but you'll never get her to admit it. She claims (to anyone who'll listen) that at heart she's a simple creature; a child of nature; a woodland sprite who just happens to have a bit more to offer than the other girls. She even insists that she yearns for the same identical things every other Jane, Jean or Jenny does. Namely, the lasting love of a good man.

CALIFO
PTP

One way or the other, Carolyn has a problem that isn't going to be settled in a hurry. A man who calls his mind his own and insists on ruling whatever roost he lands in isn't likely to respond too well to Miss Cutler's cut-ups. True, she says she will willingly give up her madcap ways for the right one, but the thing is . . . she's had her own way so long she may be unable to recognize Mr. Right when he starts laying down the law. Ah well, it's a quandary of the first order, for sure, but there's one other item Carolyn has in rich abundance, and that's patience. As far as she is concerned, she'll simply wait and see. Meanwhile, she is going to take what little comfort she can from the idle luxury that fills her careless days.

Eight, count 'em, eight pairs of legs paraded out behind the sheet, and the room shook with whistles, wolf calls and Wows!

gamble on gams

STAKES RUN HIGH IN THE NYLON GAME — BUT THE LOSSES ARE DEADLY / BY PAUL ROBERTS

"I promise to love, honor and obey . . . as long as as you wear nylons and heels." That's what I told Janie when we were married — and that's just what I meant. She took it as kind of a joke at first, but soon came to realize that I was nothing but serious.

Five years later, my gloriously gammed spouse was beginning to get a wee bit owly about the heels and hose routine. It wasn't that she didn't go along with my request — for she firmly believed in the power of a well-presented pair of legs. She knew she had perfect legs and she was proud of them. But she was becoming a little dubious about my insistence on nylons and spikes.

"Sam," she purred one evening, ensconced on my lap and looking lovelier than ever, "tell me you like my legs with or without hose."

She extended one long, lithe nylonized limb full length and the sheer black encasement caught the lamplight, dazzling my eye.

"Honey, you know I do," I purred back, nuzzling her neck.

"I don't know it for sure at all, Sam. My bare legs, you hardly look at, but on goes my hose and you're all attention. I like all the attention — heaven knows I do. And you know by now that I am a firm believer in certain bits of clothing enhancing a girl's charms, but sometimes I actually feel a little scared about your becoming enthusiastic only with the hosiery."

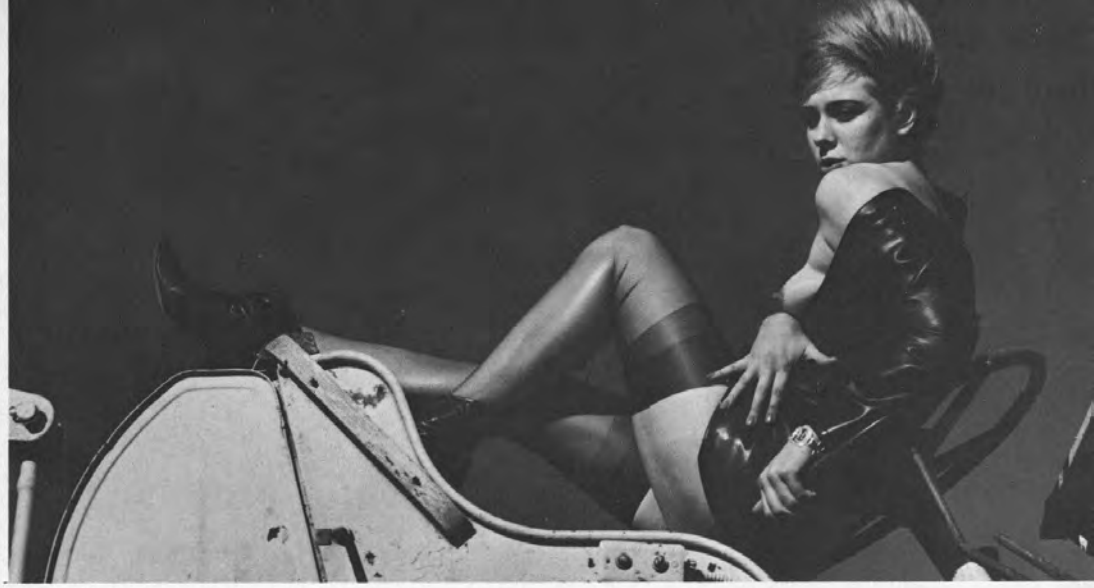
She stood up, strolled over to the coffee table, bent over, picked up a cigarette, lighted it and took a drag so deep I expected to see the smoke filter out through her nylons.

My eyes were glued on her. What a scene! My Janie was a winner for sure. As she walked away from me I was spellbound by the view of a decidedly mobile derriere lightly covered, I knew, by the filmiest of black nylon panties. Then as she bent over for the cigarette, I was more than aware of the way the artfully designed black satin garter belt formed a provocative frame for the hidden vision.

I had enjoyed such views for five wonderful years and instead of it becoming "old hat" — or should I say, "old hose" — the sight had become more intriguing every day. My Janie was the sexiest, of that I was sure. Not that I didn't look at others. Let's get it straight. I'm a girl watcher — especially a leg watcher — from a way back

(continued on page 21)

the silken touch of dawn



Dawn Singleton, that is. And that is exactly what Dawn's rare touch amounts to . . . silken, and so sheer as to be wholly miraculous in its conception. The mere juxtaposition of Dawn Singleton and a fine pair of brand new sheer black nylons is more than sufficient to set off at least seven or eight holocausts and a cosmic cataclysm or two. And as for Dawn Singleton dressed in that very same hosiery . . . the idea alone is likely enough (plus being lively enough, too) to convert strong men into quivering puppets at the mere prospect of it. But . . please don't get the idea that Dawn Singleton's only aim is to be rated as a prime siren. Nothing like it! Looking as wonderful as she does provides her with deep down satisfaction. But it isn't quite enough. She's properly pleased to be posing so much of the time and thriving on the fruits of her career. But Dawn Singleton's a girl with a vital mission. And one swift glance in her deep blue eyes should more-than-convince you that Dawn Singleton's not about to stop till she succeeds in fulfilling it!

What vital mission? What could so occupy the mind of such a sweet young thing? Surely Dawn Singleton's life is too full of frilly feminine items for her to waste time on serious thoughts and ponderous plans? Well . . . plans, anyway. There's nothing ponderous about Dawn Singleton, obviously. She brings that same silken touch to the serious side of life, as well. Now, we discover that all the while she's been racking up camera time and putting her best foot forward for us magazine readers, Dawn Singleton's been hard at work mastering the art of photography on her very own — with the intention of switching positions and getting out behind the lens. But then, come to think about it — why not!

Now, fast approaching our sixth month in the recruitment business, it looks like

Late News on the

Leg Watc

Sure, it's an easy thing to tear out the coupon, sign it, add one buck and send it in for your membership card in the Leg Watchers' League. But it's only one step. Membership carries with it a host of responsibilities that no true leg man would ever dream of dodging. And until a man is fully aware of those responsibilities, and fully prepared to carry them out, he is merely a member in name only.

To quote from the LWL Bylaws:

the Leg Watchers' League is going to be the biggest thing for leg men since nylon liberated the silkworms!

hers' League

The League is a society dedicated to the proposition that the female is an art form and should be admired and respected as such . . . A Leg Watcher pledges his continued esteem and will express it only in terms of sincere admiration and good taste . . . with no underlying disrespectful insinuations, but as a genuine compliment.

For the convinced, the LWL Aims section is as cogent as it is self-explanatory. *Female limbs represent the most perfect example of symmetrical beauty in the human form. The League strives for universal recognition and appreciation of this fact. Whenever possible, a League member shall express admiration of a woman's legs, thereby expressing his own finer feelings and consequently bringing pleasure to the subject. To be so complimented is a natural right of all women, and all League members devote themselves to preserving this right.*

Never lose sight of the fact that LWL membership is something special in a world where false values and bargain basement thrills abound. Leg men have an ideal worth striving for and preserving; an art form worth perfecting. As each individual member rededicates himself to these ideals every day and every hour of his life, so does TIP TOP do the same to justify the enormous trust of LWL members and leg men everywhere. TT

Ask yourself, are you a leg man — or are you not? If so, and you're still just thinking of joining up . . . why wait? If your eye is attuned to the matchless beauty of a well-groomed pair of lithe limbs, now is the time you must assume your rightful place as a bona fide member of the Leg Watchers' League.

(continued from page 13) **GAMBLE ON GAMS**

and I intend to participate in the sport as long as I can see.

Janie knew I was a "watcher" and that was just fine with her. To her mind it proved she had a normal, healthy and virile man. She trusted me too. After five years she knew that I looked, but didn't touch.

As I told her once, "There may be others that I would look at sooner, but not longer."

Janie had told me many times, "You're all the man I ever wanted and as long as you direct your talents only in my direction, I'm all yours. However, she was now as I had never seen her: really perturbed and concerned about my hose and heels preference.

She stood by the coffee table in a pose that nearly drove me crazy — legs slightly spread . . . putting a tension on the garters that showed through her taught skirt. "I'm serious, honey, and a little shook," she said. "You're supposed to love *me*, all of ME! Not some pieces of cloth . . . leather and a couple of metal garters."

"Hey take it easy, chick," I half-shouted as I got up from the chair and started toward her.

"No, keep away from me a minute, Sam. I want to talk about this."

"All right, baby, we talk," and I sat down again.

With that my gorgeous little wife sat on the coffee table and proceeded to remove her right shoe. She then unsnapped the garters on her right leg and removed the stocking.

I sat entranced, watching the smooth flow of flesh and thigh muscles as she raised the leg and removed the filmy covering.

"Now, look!" she cried, "does this excite you?" She raised her bare right leg in the air. "Or this?" and she raised the covered mate.

"Janie, baby, what are you trying to prove," I shouted back. "They both give me the tingles. It's just that I *prefer* seeing you in hose and heels."

"*Prefer* or have to have?" she challenged. "I think it's a fetish that's out of control!"

"Wait a minute!" I exploded, "Do you think I'm some kind of a weirdo or something? Do you think the next step is that I'll build a shrine and put a pair of nylons on it."

"No, Sam, that's not true. I appreciate your feelings, you know I do. We all have those kind of likes and dislikes. You know how it affects me when you wear just slacks and no shirt around the house, but I don't expect it all the time!"

She got up, came over to where I was sitting and plopped down on the arm of the chair.

"It's just that with me," she went on, "if I see some other guy in slacks and no shirt, it doesn't do a thing for me. The bit is that it's you I love . . . slacks, shirt, overalls, nothing at all or white tie and tails. I'm just afraid that with you, you love me because I'm the first girl you found who would go along with the hosiery bit."

"Janie, hold on. I . . ."

"Let me finish," she interrupted. "I could see any part of you and know you among a hundred other men. . .no matter what you were wearing. But I'll bet you wouldn't know my bare legs next to any other girls. You'd only know them if they had on the nylons and shoes that you had chosen for me to wear."

"Janie, please," and I reached for her.

She jumped up and hobbled across the room on one bare foot and one four and a half-inch spike heel. It made quite a picture.

"You wouldn't pick me out, Sam," she threw over her shoulder, "I just know you wouldn't!"

"Janie, you've got yourself believing something that isn't true," I said, "and I don't think I can say anything to convince you otherwise at the moment. I love you for being just plain you — one in a billion. Just take off that other stocking and shoe — and the rest of those crazy items and come over here. Let me show you how I love you."

She turned and smiled and I thought I had made a point. She hobbled back to the coffee table, picked up the discarded apparel, tossed the stocking over her shoulder and headed through the bedroom door.

It was about two minutes until her reappearance. As she stepped back through the doorway she was smiling slightly. However, in addition to the smile, she wore her full length housecoat, buttoned to the neck, and flat-heeled scuffs that she knew I hated.

"Sam," she murmured in a steady and calm voice, "I'm sleepy and I'm going to bed. I'm going to sleep in the guest bedroom because I want to be alone to think."

And that was that.

Janie didn't bring up the subject again and neither did I, for the next day she seemed to be back to normal. She even greeted me at breakfast the next morning in one of her black negligees which revealed black lace

(continued on page 52)

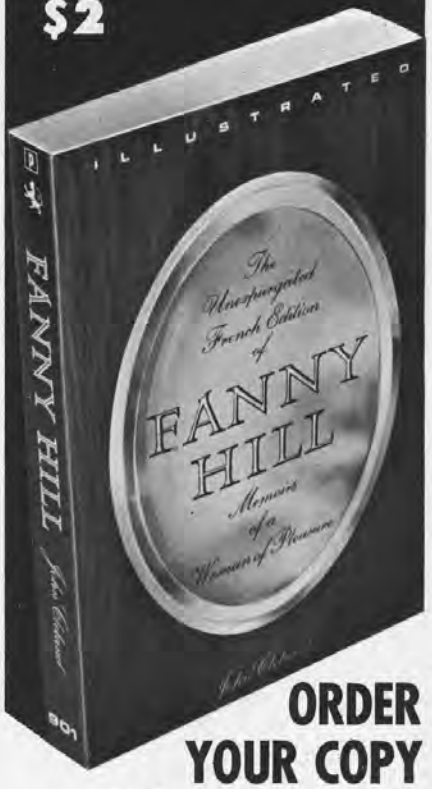
LIMITED EDITION

The long-banned classic of a London harlot's misadventures

FANNY HILL

Available now in paperback for the first time!

$2



ORDER YOUR COPY BY MAIL—NOW

REGENT HOUSE
P.O. Box 9506
North Hollywood, California

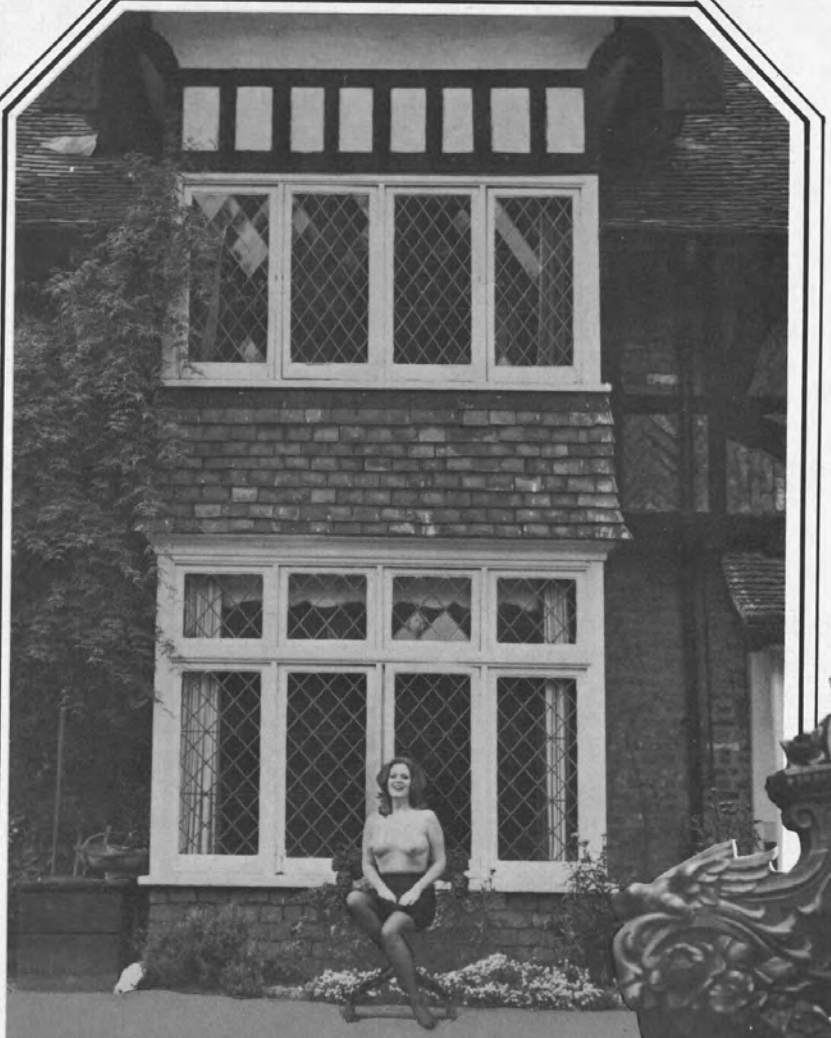
Please send me _____ copies of FANNY HILL @ $2.00 per copy. This price includes all postage and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Total amount enclosed _____



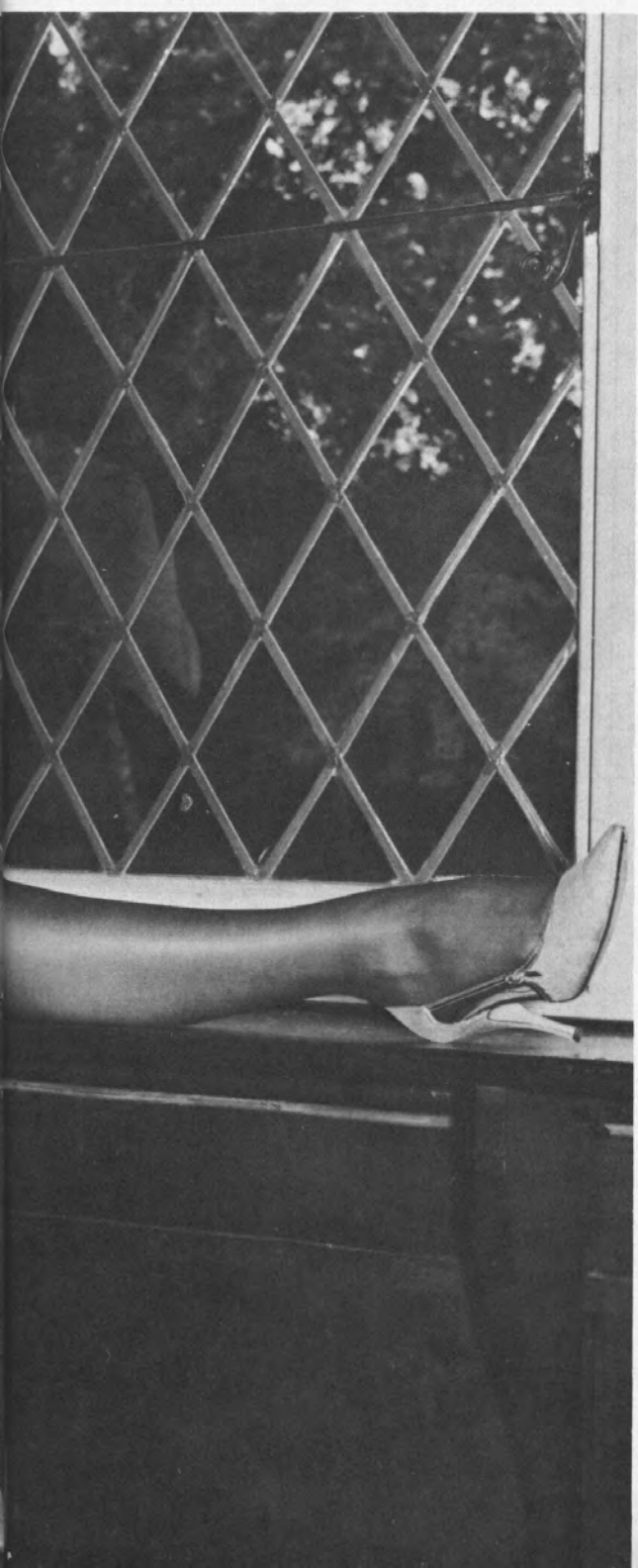
Sunday "at homes" with lively Ardyth Lyme are an absolute must with leg-conscious Londoners lucky enough to receive one of her coveted invitations.

TIP TOP TOAST OF LONDON

Just outside the world's largest city, on the banks of the busy Thames, stands the fabulous, half-timbered house of Ardyth Lyme — currently the number-one choice of every figure model photographer in the British Isles (and then some!). Demonstrably delightful photogenic assets have pushed the buxom brunette to the top of the toughest business in the world, and the sheer wonder of her superb lower limbs keeps her there.

Unlike so many models who pose because someone happened to ask them to, Ardyth is all business and dead serious about her chosen profession. She set out to become a top-liner and the focal point of every commercial camera, and she's worked hard at maintaining her position. Then too, unlike the majority of her photogenic sisters, she has managed her finances well, putting each extra penny and pound into a fine home and solid securities.

Of course, it wasn't relentless drive and steely determination alone that put Ardyth Lyme in such an advantageous spot so rapidly (and set British lensmen to stumbling all over one another trying to secure her posing services). Nor was it her unquestionable talents — nor her electrifyingly photographable face, figure and fantastic limbs. Certainly, they helped. But what really made all the difference was that indescribable inner glow that lends a rare lustre to the nylon spectacle.



Shall we tell you now that this is only half the story? And must we reassure all interested viewers that Ardyth is something more than hard business sense and sheer, vaulting ambition?.Absolutely not! Ardyth's appeal is based on the stuff dreams are made of, and observers are sure to sense the singularly innate femininity that suffuses everything she does — and lights up the world around her.

BY GOODWIN STEPHENS

why watch legs?

Does that sound like a silly question? It isn't. In fact, it's a dead serious matter for a thinking man who puts premium value on his brain power. Merely liking lovely legs is not enough. He must grasp the significant whys (as well as the wherefores) of this most soul-satisfying pursuit in order to regard himself a true leg watcher.

As a fellow leg watcher of long and honorable standing, it was with great interest that I read Philip English's *Guide to Better Leg Watching* in the November, 1963, issue of TIP TOP Magazine. Many of his points were well made, although, personally, I did find some of it a trifle conservative, almost like leg watching through a curtain. Since Mr. English subdivided his article into the HOW the WHERE and the WHEN of the subject, I will try to follow the same subdivision in this response to him.

THE *WHEN* AND THE *WHERE*

He covered the WHEN and the WHERE of the subject rather gloriously, I thought, with the blanket words "anywhere" and "anytime." Of course, some places are better than others, even Mr. English admits. He dismissed the laundromat at 9:30 A.M. as an area of probable disappointment. I, on the other hand, bagged one of my finest specimens in a 9-machine laundromat, at 9:42 of a Tuesday morning, in April of 1962! In leg watching, as in so many other pursuits, it is the unexpected that adds spice and zest to the chase.

I was rather disappointed in Mr. English for citing shoe stores as especially excellent observation posts for leg watching. Not that I disagree. *Of course* they are. But the point is so unimaginative, it is hardly worthy of Mr. English. Shoe stores are such logical observation posts, that it is almost unfair to use them — almost like hunting deer out of season, or stocking your own private pond with your own trout! After all, fair play and ingenuity should enter into this thing too — lest leg watching become as pedestrian as golf. (And, incidentally, the golf course isn't a bad spot either, if you can tee off behind a foursome of free-swinging females!)

I might also add that cocktail bars, although sometimes dimly lighted, are nevertheless promising spots, especially if the owner is a leg watcher himself, and has selected the bar stools accordingly — high, not-too-wide and handsome. Incidentally, my favorite cocktail lounges are those which state, in no uncertain terms — LADIES IN SLACKS WILL NOT BE ADMITTED. (I know that some leg watchers have made almost a patron saint of Miss Marlene Dietrich. I, for one, will never forgive her for having popularized the style of slacks for women! Imagine, *Dietrich,* of all women!)

I agree whole-heartedly with Mr.

"Some leg watchers have made almost a saint of Marlene Dietrich. I for one will never forgive

English's designation of department store escalators as a rewarding location. Instead of riding them, I usually station myself at the lower end of the escalator. Since many escalators are double-barrelled, this gives the advantage of a coming-and-going view. I must confess that too frequent use of this station might result in your being mistaken for a floorwalker, as I have been on occasion. Since then, however, I have been careful to use the elevator stakeout only when I am dressed in casual, almost sloppy clothes. After all, did you ever see a casual, sloppy floorwalker? Now, the chances of having a lovely-limbed lady come up to ask where the lingerie department is, please, have been reduced to zero and I'm beginning to wonder if I'm as smart as I think I am!

THE *HOW* COMES NATURALLY

All in all, I found Mr. English's *When* and *Where* ideas rather satisfactory, despite the few exceptions I have taken above. His obvious grasp of the field leaves no doubt that he is a leg man of the first order — as far as he goes. His HOW section, however, left me somewhat up in the air. Having been a leg watcher myself for as far back as I can remember (don't get me started on the wonders of such misty limb-lovelies of long ago as Ann Pennington or Gilda Gray!), it seems inconceivable to me that anyone should have to be instructed in HOW to be a leg watcher. With me, it was instinctive. No one ever told me *how* to do it. For that matter, no one ever *told* me *to do* it. I just did! Oh, I grant that some ways are better than others, but, the basic HOW cannot be taught. Amateurs and willing converts might do well with a little instruction, but the *true* leg watcher, the *sincere* limb enthusiast, knows HOW before he's piled his first alphabet blocks up as high as the baby sitter's knee.

BUT WHERE'S THE *WHY*?

But, my big beef with Mr. English's article is based on a sin of omission rather than commission. Where oh where is his section entitled, *The Why of Leg Watching?* WHY are we leg watchers? Is it like the classic answer of the mountain climber who, when asked why he felt compelled to climb the world's highest mountain, replied, "Because it's there."

her for having popularized slacks for women!"

Is there no more to man's finest natural art form than that? Do we watch legs simply because they are there? If so, Philip English is right in failing to probe the subject . . . and perhaps, the less said the better.

But I doubt it.

The reason must go deeper than that. It used to be a cliché to say that any man who wasn't thrilled by a pair of beautiful feminine legs, should consult his eye doctor, his head doctor, or his mortician. I don't go along with that. There *are* some men who have 20/20 vision, who wouldn't touch a psychiatrist's couch with a ten foot pole, and whose blood count is top rate, who *still* do not qualify as leg watchers. Sure there are! (There *must* be!) But we're not concerned with them. We're concerned with those men who *are* leg watchers, and WHY they are.

A beautiful pair of legs can be viewed with satisfaction from any one of 360 degrees; from the front, right side, rear and left side. Think now, how many of women's other estimable attributes can be viewed so objectively — or wholly? It is as though all of the necessary, functional things were accomplished first in the creation of women. Then, with all the basics in place, real creativity came in to render the final masterpiece — a perfect pair of legs, high in ultimate purpose and replete in sheer beauty.

What is leg watching? Is it a sport? Is it a hobby? Is it an occupation? It is all of these things, and yet it is none of them. *It is a way of life.* For instance, I can't visualize a day going by without some portion of it being devoted to leg watching, any more than I would consider any 24-hour period to be normal without some portion of it being devoted to eating, sleeping, or, for that matter, breathing. To me, leg watching is as important, and as normal and as *instinctive*, as any other vital basic function.

IN OTHER WORDS

We watch and exclaim over a beautiful sunset. We gaze at, and admire, a lovely rainbow. Even an erupting volcano, viewed from a safe distance, has a terrifying but majestic beauty which strikes us. Is a perfect leg — or a *pair* of perfect legs — any less breathtakingly beautiful? Surely they are as much a masterpiece of form, beauty, design and composition as those other beautiful accomplishments of nature. No need to wait for the sun to set, for a rainbow to glorify the sky, for red-hot lava to flare and flow, when there are lovely legs all around us, just waiting to be watched.

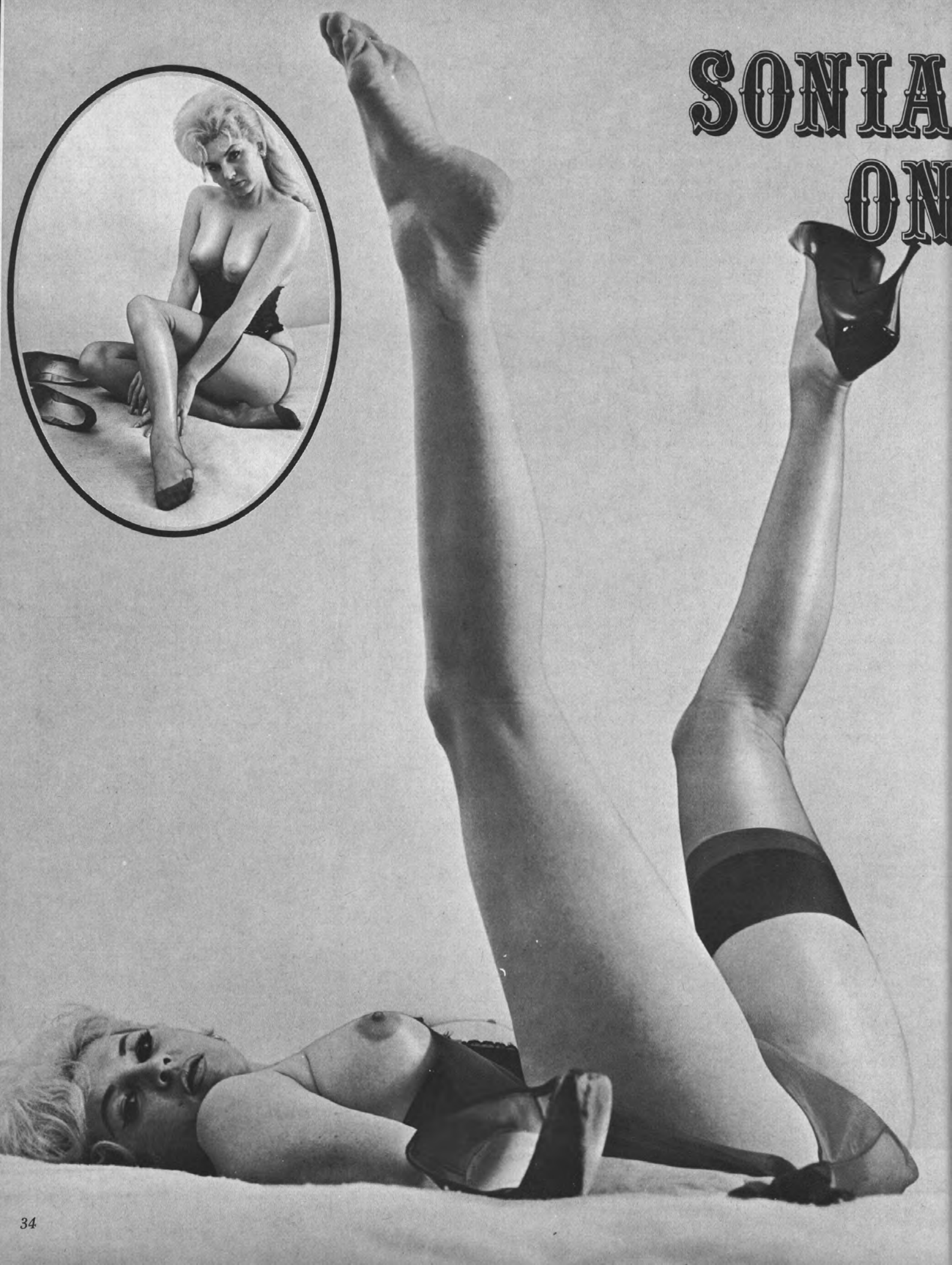
George Worthing, the famous English philosopher, once wrote, *A women may have a plain face, an ungainly body, and an abominable taste in clothes. She may have the tongue of a shrew, the temperament of a jackel, and the voice of a magpie. Despite all this if her legs are beautiful, she may walk down the street proud with the knowledge that men will turn back to watch her, as she goes by.*

Leg watching is healthy. It provides a most gratifying and therapeutic emotional release, both for the watcher and for the watchee. (And, make no mistake about *that.* A pretty leg *knows* when it is being watched!) I venture to say that not many leg watchers are dependent upon miltowns and the endless host of tranquilizing drugs that coax modern man through his hectic life span. By that, I do not necessarily mean that a pretty leg is a tranquilizer. Far from it! Often, the effect is quite the contrary. What I do mean to say, is that leg watching edifies, uplifts, revives and stimulates. It directs the nervous energy into more constructive channels. Occasionally, tear your eyes away (if you can) from the legs themselves and watch the faces of the watchers. See how relaxed, how happy, how content and gratified the expression. Need I say more?

PRIVATE REASONS

Of course, there are probably many more reasons why we watch legs. Many leg watchers may have their own private reasons. Frankly, I'm a leg watcher because I love pretty legs; because pretty legs usually lead to pretty girls; and pretty girls usually lead to pretty nearly anything. But the pretty legs have to be there to start with, or else, it's all pretty nearly nothing!

I'm anxiously awaiting publication of Mr. English's forthcoming textbook, *The Leg Watcher's Guide.* I already have an order in with my bookseller. I just hope it's *illustrated!* Incidentally, so does my bookseller, who's an old leg watcher himself, and who has thoughtfully established his store on the windiest corner in town! TT


SONIA
ON

STRUMS NYLON

Who would've guessed that a girl with so much on the ball (we're speaking of Sonia Sonic, of course) would suddenly blossom forth as a full-fledged folk singer and guitarist?

Why, just to think about Sonia's long list of awe-inspiring accomplishments can wear out the average-type man. But TT-type men are far beyond average, so we'll risk a brief run-down on her. She sings and she dances—and keeps a show business career going full blast with fans flocking in to catch her act wherever she appears. Then too, she's easily the best-informed young lady on the bright side of the footlights, and her rare érudition (she made Phi Beta Kappa grades in college) is matched only by superb physical attributes—including a peerless pair of lavishly nylonized legs.

And now she's making sweet music every time she takes the guitar in her arms and starts strumming a melody while lilting through an ethnic air. Let those other girls gaze on Sonia with ill-disguised envy. (After all, they sigh, we've got pretty legs, too — you know!) That is hardly the point. A pair of lush limbs — even though they be replete in featherweight nylon and artful accessories — can be so much more meaningful backed up by shades of sheerest talent such as the seamly sort Sonia shows.

Dear Elmer Batters

MANY THANKS

I have been buying and reading magazines for a long, long time, so I have developed a few ideas on the subject. One of the things that has been tiresome and a little discouraging has been the fact that they have grown so repetitious. They are pretty much the same, and they contain pretty much the same kind of pictures. To look at one is to look at them all.

Then TT came along. Brother! Here was a magazine that set out to do something different. It succeeded not only in doing that, it succeeded in doing it very well. You have corralled some extremely beautiful girls and you have posed them in ways that exploit their charms in new and wonderful ways. Whoever your photographers are, they have been artists in this kind of thing. All of us guys who put up our dough to buy these magazines are now indebted to you for having given us something different and very good indeed. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

One of the very nice innovations has been the shoes-off feature. Who would have thought that the silk-clad female foot could have been so very, very appealing? You have presented this idea in a variety of ways, and have made it a thing of exquisite beauty.

Then there has been the more recent innovation of the sneaker. A girl in beautiful stockings and sneakers is enticing, beyond all doubts. Let's have such a girl in every issue. Let's have her come to us in white sneakers (not too new and not too clean) and dark hosiery. Nowadays, the really lovely, well-built girls, full of warmth and allure, are all wearing this combination. Yes, please give us a series of good shots of sneakers and hose. This would be the ultimate.

Thanks for your fine magazine and for responding to requests and wishes of your readers the way you do.

H.A.
Washington, D.C.

MISSING SNEAKERS

I was surprised, disappointed, and even a little angry to find that, in the entire November issue of TT, there was not one single photograph which showed a sneaker-shod beauty! After my first run-through of the 80 pages of exciting leg photography, I couldn't believe it. I went through again, looking more carefully, and, although I enjoyed the contents just as much the second time, this more careful perusal confirmed my sneaking suspicion that sneakers had been slighted!

Why? There were several photographic layouts where sneaker shots would have been more than appropriate. Surely, the three March sisters could have been wearing them down at the ranch. Surely Delia Lear, in her hideaway atop the Hollywood Hills, must occasionally wear sneakers while scampering over those rough, unpaved hillside paths. Sandra Lobo, the hobo in high heels, was great leg art — but surely sneakers would have been more comfortable on that rocky railroad bed! Besides, who needs an *excuse* for sneaker shots? They're a reason in themselves!

The thing that makes your oversight that much more startling and surprising, is this. You must be aware of the tremendous interest in sneakers. In that same issue, there were no less than nine letters from readers which mentioned them! Eight were definitely and staunchly pro-sneaker; the ninth was non-committal.

The fascinating femininity of a gorgeous gam, encased in snug, lucent nylon, is beautifully complimented by the commanding functionalism of the stark, white sneaker. It doesn't matter if they're called *sneakers, gym shoes, tennis shoes,* or anything else. Whatever they're called, they've become a vital and important part of leg lore and leg art, and they deserve recognition in TT, the leg watcher's testament.

In the town where my wife and I live, the proprietor of a smart women's wear shop must have realized the attraction potential of sneakers. He had a very catchy window display of frilly, lacy ladies' undergarments, and sheer, black hosiery on beautifully-shaped leg forms. Then, scattered casually about in the midst of these, he had several pairs of white sneakers! It was a most unusual and provocative window display, and when I asked him what sort of customer reaction he had received, the proprietor said that it had attracted a great deal of attention, and had brought in many new customers.

So, please, never underestimate the importance of sneakers. Sure, I know some people don't like them. But, believe me, if you look hard enough, you'll find some people opposed to everything fine in this world.

S.G.
North Hollywood, Calif.

SCENERY

I am sure there must be many, like me, who would like to see photographs of some of the scenery that leg watchers look for all day long . . . girls fully clothed, but displaying legs and thighs . . . under the desk, at the file cabinet, in and out of cars, ascending stairs, on step ladders in book stores. Candid shots, naturally, only more so. Upper story views are fine and never let them go, but a few of the aforementioned would be even finer.

C.A.N.
Winston Salem, N.C.

SHORT, SHORTER, SHORTEST!

The great lack in your magazine would appear to be your failure to place a prime emphasis on short skirts, which, as you should certainly be aware, are the greatest boon to female beauty under the sun. The short skirt is to women what the Colt .45 revolver was to the legendary western cowboy; the great *Equalizer*. The short skirt can do for any woman of any size, shape or age what untold trips to the beauty parlor and corsetorium can never accomplish.

Take the much abused fat woman as an example. Despite the fact that legions of shallow-minded half-wits have been using her as the butt of their so-called humor for centuries, it would appear that at least half the men in circulation prefer the beefed-up female to her slender counterpart. Psychologists and sociologists have repeatedly backed up this thesis through research and statistics. And despite this, we find assorted experts on female attire advising the hefty girls to dress themselves down in Mother Hubbard garments because, as they put it, any thing else would expose their "ugliness." Of course, the authors of such tripe are suspect from the start. One such crank recently advised women that it was chic to wear slacks under a skirt!

I contend that the average man will be far more intrigued and pay much more attention to a hefty honey in a short, tight, above-the-knees skirt, than he will to a 34-20-36, similarly attired. The reason being that there's a special magic in short skirts, and to emphasize this point, I will cite a waitress in a local restaurant. By any definition she is fat. She will never appear on the

cover of *Bazaar*. Her actual age is 42. Her actual size is 42. She *says* her age is 40. Her uniform is also size 40.

The skirt of her uniform reaches no lower than three inches above her knees. And the knees, like the rest of her, are plump . . . with dimples that ripple under her hose as she slithers among her customers. Her stockings are usually beige in color and are quite short, the welt just reaching the kneecap, and when the lower button of her uniform is open, a considerable expanse is exposed. Whenever this happens she makes a production of buttoning up; bending her legs forward pulling the skirt waist-high.

To say the least, she is the most popular of the three waitresses in the joint. Her tips are tremendous. In fact, men who would not otherwise patronize this place (the food is awful) come in and gorge themselves, for the sheer privilege of watching her work. The other younger, *slender* waitresses have had to hike their skirts even shorter out of economic necessity.

Don't get me wrong, I am not biased against thinner women. In all truth, I believe that all women are beautiful — particularly if they avail themselves of their naural charms. In this latter connection, the Leg Watchers League could perform a particular service to women by alerting the female population to the true nature of beauty through a more progressive and civilized attitude on wearing apparel.

Women would appear, at present, on the threshold of a revolution in this regard, and anything that can push them forward faster is certainly for the better. Too many women today combine a 1960ish mind with a 1930ish social attitude: You will find too many women donning sheer nylons and tight skirts and then making an obnoxious fuss about pulling their skirts down low whenever they sit — an absurd and irrational practice.

Women should be exhorted to upgrade themselves as human beings and shake loose the fetlocks that bind them to obsolete dress habits. It should be systematically explained to them that true charm is based on the female physique, and that a woman's *face* is not her fortune, but her *legs* are — and they're priceless.

In all things involving the modern women, the emphasis should be on *short*. Short hair, short hose and short skirts; very short skirts, at least five inches above the knees. Women who cover their knees should be denounced as fuddy-duddy anachronistic throwbacks to the Victorian Era.

V.T.
New York City, N.Y.

ANY SUGGESTIONS?

TT's *Hosiery on the Homefront* is a very good idea and amateur photographer R.K. of Tenafly, N.J., did a fine job. I want to get into amateur photography myself, but I don't know much about it. I would like to hear from somebody who is already in and get their ideas on what to buy and how to make a dark room. I don't want to make any mistakes.

R.R.L.
Greenville, Ala.

☛ *TT readers with dark room know-how are invited to send in their suggestions . . . and we'll pass them along to would-be photographers in these pages. It is becoming increasingly clear that there are far too many leg watchers like R.R.L. who have the*

(continued on page 68)

WINDBLOWN WONDER
NOT THAT YOU CAN'T FIGURE THESE THINGS FOR YOURSELF, OR ANYTHING, BUT THE PLAIN FACT IS BOBBI GUNNAR'S A GIRL WHO ALWAYS KNOWS JUST WHICH WAY THE WIND IS BLOWING!

Now, before launching a long-winded discourse on all the glories of Bobbi, it might do viewers no end of

good to take a minute
off to observe her in
repose, uninhibited,
free as the wind
that warms her.

And just in case you happen to think that opening assertion is merely a manner of speaking (or a crafty way of tying in the pictures with the title), you're woefully wrong! Bobbi Gunnar is a girl who knows which way the wind is blowing — in more ways than one. She's not only stunning to behold (in the flesh), and staggering to stare at (in the photo reproduction), but she's got a top-notch IQ going full blast for her. Needless to point out, the total effect of so much beauty combined with so many brains is downright staggering when it's all boiling and bubbling in one lone person. At least, it is for Bobbi. "There isn't time for everything!" she wails as she picks and chooses among the modeling offers that flood her telephone answering service from dawn till dusk. "After all," she adds, "I've only got one body!" How could anyone listen to such a plaint and remain unmoved? With sympathy sitting on our brow like morning dew, we offer Bobbi heartfelt agreement that she does, indeed, have but one, and what a one it is!

Now then, to push the highly involved explanation of poor Bobbi's quaint quandary onward to a (more or less) logical conclusion . . . You may be about to demand just what on earth her high IQ has to do with her popularity in the photo posing business. And you're perfectly right to inquire. Intellect would, under ordinary circumstances, have little or no effect whatsoever in such a field. But Bobbi is something so different from the rest of her beautiful sisters that every photographer in town is jumping all over himself for the sake of securing her services and having a clever entity to talk with while he works.

EXCLUSIVE REPORTS!
Prepared by SUN ERA INC. for the AMERICAN SUNBATHING ASSOC.

THE NUDIST IDEA IN
Living Color

EDUCATIONAL **FILM STRIPS** AND **SLIDE** PRESENTATIONS

FREE
Sharp-focus viewer with each film strip or set of mounted slides!

Authentic natural photos with explanatory text

	35MM FILM STRIP	SET OF 2 x 2 SLIDES
HOW TO BE A NUDIST	A1F $10.00 ☐	A1M $15.00 ☐
SUBURBAN SUN-FUN	A2F $10.00 ☐	A2M $15.00 ☐
PERENNIAL PRINCESS	A3F $10.00 ☐	A3M $15.00 ☐

Viewer and First Class Postage Included

TOTAL REMITTANCE: $_____

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

Make Check and Money Order To:

SunEra

Box 93668 • North Hollywood, Cal.

(continued from page 21)

GAMBLE ON GAMS

bra and ribbon style garter belt over which she wore a pair of pink and black peekaboo panties. Nylons and heels? Of course!

It was about a week after Janie's little quiz session that we went to a party at some friend's house and wound up having a real leg watcher's show.

There were eight couples of us, all about the same age. We had been getting together off and on for golf, swim parties, bridge and the like. It was really a great group of guys and the gals, were far better looking and sharper than average.

One thing for sure . . . I always caught up on my leg watching when the group got together. There were more than one pair of gams worth observing and the gals were all uninhibited enough to not worry too much about a skirt riding up while seated — or flying above nylon tops while dancing.

During the night of the party in point, the general topic of conversation got around to (of all things) women's legs! — and then I realized later that my little Janie had carefully guided it there.

I was standing at a family room bar and talking to our hostess of the evening, Scottie Edmonds. Scottie, the cutest little five-foot-two redhead you would ever hope to see, always showed off shapely, slightly freckled legs with the sheerest of full fashioned nylons.

Scottie, whose predilection for the color green had been demonstrated some time before when she had fallen backward while trying the Way-out-twist, was still laughing over the incident. As she had plopped down, her legs flew up and her skirt with it, revealing full-length nyloned gams and the brightest, greenest garters and the brightest, greenest briefs in the world. She had made no quick effort to recover and it was her husband who finally stepped over to help her up. Jack Edmonds is somewhat of a timid soul and though Scottie did not appear to be embarrassed, Jack was. And the scarlet hue on his face made a perfect compliment to his wife's greenery. I couldn't have liked it more.

Now, standing at the bar with Scottie, Janie's voice came through over the din of conversation. She was announcing to those assembled around her that she doubted my being able to pick her legs out from other girls and that she had told me as much.

One of the louder males of the group turned to me, guffawed and shouted, "Why, Sam, do you mean you couldn't spot Janie's pretty little legs next to a bunch of other gams?" The way he said it made it sound dirty.

I was about to read him off when his own wife cut him off with, "Don't sound so smart, Hank. I'll bet you a mink jacket you couldn't pick mine, either."

Then everyone seemed to have comments, and there was a general uproar in the room. Suddenly, out of all the noise, timid Jack Edmonds' voice emerged. When we quieted down and gave him our attention, we found he was proposing a contest to see if husbands could pick their own wives' legs out of a line-up.

The suggestion met with immediate approval by all males present . . . and after a little persuasion, the girls also warmed to the idea. The contest was quickly planned. The rules were set and the girls left the room to allow the men to proceed with the staging.

We men hung two sheets from a clothes line that had been strung from the top of the family room doorway to another door across the room. The sheets were hung from just below ceiling height to about thirty inches from the floor.

The agreed rules were that the gals were to gather their skirts up around their waists and file out behind the curtain of sheets. They were to form a certain order and write their names on a piece of paper in that order. We spouses were to pick the legs we believed were those of our wives and write our choice on a slip of paper, indicating their position in the order of the line-up.

The curtain was hung, the stage was set and we men lined up at the far side of the room as also agreed.

"Bring on the girls," shouted one of the guys with a real burst of originality. We all groaned, but I soon found myself making inane remarks and acting a little bit childish, too. To my intense surprise, my hands went moist and my voice became shaky and forced. It was apparent that we were all plenty excited. . .and let's face it, it was something to be excited about. We were about to be confronted with a show of eight awesome pairs of female legs and such an exhibition was not only rare for all of us, it was unique!

What's more, there probably wasn't a man in that room who at some time or another hadn't eyed the legs of one or more of the female members, and secreted a desire to see more. Now

the gam parade was about to start, but I don't think any of us were really thinking about how it had all come about and the spot we were in. We had been challenged to pick our own wife's legs out of the line-up. Those who didn't might be spending the long nights alone for some time to come.

I felt nothing but confident for I knew I could pick out those distinctively shapely stems of Janie's among a hundred others, let alone seven. So, I planned to spot her immediately, write it down, relax and enjoy the show.

Out they came and what a sight it was! We had quite a group for sure because it was soon apparent that all of the gals had good looking underpinnings. Eight, count 'em, eight pairs of legs paraded out behind the sheet and the room shook with whistles, wolf calls and *Wows*!

The girls all giggled as girls are prone to do.

I was entranced. The variety of shapes, sizes, hose shades, shoes, garters and skin tones was hypnotizing.

The girls were, of course, of various heights and the height of the sheet from the floor allowed for differing expanses of thighs above stocking tops. Then too, some of the girls were wearing the short nylons whose two-toned reinforcements hit just a little above the knee, while others evidently preferred the long style with hose top hitting mid-thigh.

My intentions of locating Janie fast failed in the first spectacular flush. I found myself visually roving up and down the line uncontrollably, now and then identifying a couple of the performers as my eyes raced along.

For example, there was little mystery about the identity of Scottie Edmonds. As short as she was, she had little chance of fooling anyone. She had, however, attempted a bit of disguise. She had unhooked and removed from sight, her green garters, and had rolled her hose just below the knees. Such a ruse did little good. If anything it cinched her identity by drawing closer attention to her delightfully freckled and creamy skin of which only a true redhead can boast.

Just one girl was bare legged and she I also pegged right off for I had been admiring the legs of Norma White all evening. Norma had a terrific tan and was wearing plain black suede pumps with spike heels. As much as I dig nylons, I had to admit that she had a combination hard to beat. She was blessed with a pair of long, graceful, almost thin legs that rippled as she walked.

When I spotted Janie's sheer black nylons and black patent pumps. By sheer force, I dragged my eyes away from the stem show for a minute and stepped over to Jack Edmonds to ask if he could get me a sheet of paper and an envelope.

Jack, none to happy about having his attention taken from the line-up, said, "You can use that paper you've got for your choice. But what's the envelope for? It's not a secret ballot."

"Jack, I really do need it.

Without even taking his eyes off of the leg line he pointed to a desk and said he was sure I would find what I wanted there.

I found what I needed in the desk. After scribbling a fast few words, I folded the sheet of paper, placed it in the envelope and sealed the flap. The envelope I gave to Jack along with a few words of instructions.

Back at the show, the girls were getting impatient and remarks like, "No fair making an all night show out of this!" emanated from behind the sheets. At this point, Pete White shouted, "Sam, yours is the only slip missing, so I quickly wrote my choice and tossed the slip in the predetermined tray on the bar.

"Okay, ladies," I said and the girls began to file out into full view. Having evidently tired of holding her skirt up, Sheryl Aimes had tucked it in the top of the sexiest *blue* girdle I had ever laid eyes on. Out from behind the sheet she came, unmindful of her state. She glanced my way and caught my rapt gaze. She looked down, gasped and then flipped the skirt back in place. However, I was awarded a sly smile in the process. I felt sure all this had been a deliberate by-play to the leg show and I made a mental note to tell her sometime how much I appreciated the encore.

The girls were all out now and bedlam was reining as husbands were being exonerated or condemned according to their selections. I watched as Janie found my slip of paper, read it and let out a shriek. She swung around, caught my eye and shouted, "Sam, how could you?" Then as she headed out of the room with Fran Elsinger who, by the look on her face, had also been unclaimed by her husband, I heard Janie say, "Oh, men, I hate 'em all!"

By count, five husbands had guessed right and three had goofed. I was among the goofers and I knew I was in for it. In a few minutes Janie stomped back into the room with slightly red-rimmed eyes and said, "I'd like to go home, now," in a voice

(continued on page 61)

NOW! Paperback books fo
Adults Only

Fast paced fiction, the kind that appeals to the adult reader. Frank and realistic — novels as modern as tomorrow, and as vivid as words will allow.

PARLIAMENT BOOKS
7311 FULTON AVE. ● NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALI

Please send me the book(s) checked below. I enclose $_____. (Please add 5c for mailing on single book purchase. On two or more books, we pay postage and handling charges.

GOOD FOR NOTHING BUT LOVE	60¢ (
90% OF WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT SEX IS WRONG	75¢ (
1001 ANSWERS TO VITAL SEX QUESTIONS	75¢ (
SPECIAL — ALL THREE BOOKS FOR $2.00	(

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ Zone ____ STATE ____

RIBALD! LUSTY!

$2.95
Bawdy Bedtime Bits
a festival of hilarious, ribald and rowdy humor!
Featuring: STORIES • CARTOONS
LIMERICKS • PUNS • QUIPS • GAGS

A rollicking collection of ribald wit, humor, cartoons, and limericks, compiled especially for beguiling bedtime reading.

A Festival of Ribald and Rowdy Humor!

REGENT HOUSE
P.O. Box 9506
North Hollywood, California

Please send me _____ copies of BAWDY BEDTIME BITS at $2.95 each.
I enclose _____ in full payment.

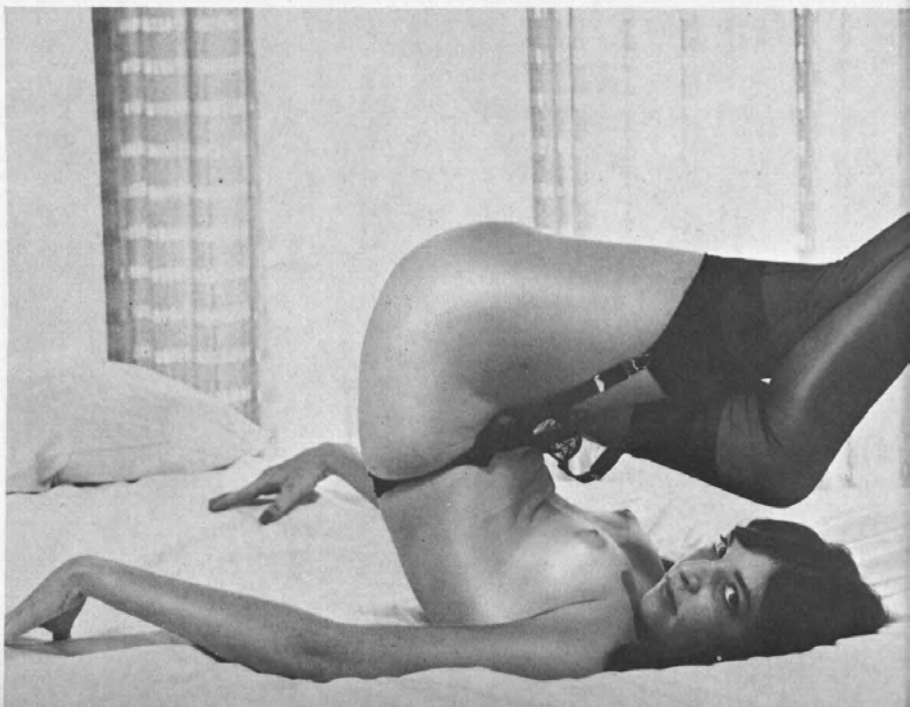
NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY AND STATE _____
Calif. residents add 4% sales tax.

The LONG, The BLACK &

. . . something so much more into the bargain; something so wonderful, so indescribably right and fitting, that no truly chic and glamorous female would—or even could!—be without at any time, day or night; something so well wrought and so indigenous to the twentieth century feminine arsenal that no contemporary temptress would ever entertain the merest notion of appearing in public—or private!—in anything but; surely the very key to universal morale: to put it briefly . . .

The SHEER

The close affinity between Tawny Hines and her sheer black hosiery is a matter of abiding concern. To her, the selection and care and comportment of nylons is uppermost in her mind because glamor is her business. As a model, she knows how vital it is to appear at her very best at all times, and to make sure that her most outstanding assets are always framed and highlighted properly. And no one looking at Tawny could possibly overlook the fact that her lower limbs fully merit all the attention they get.



(And now, if you can tear your attention away from Tawny long enough to listen to the rest of the point under discussion . . .) *To the rest of the world (that is, those of us who are happily privileged to look in at the sheer wonder of it all), that fabulous affinity we were speaking about is a matter of world import, too. The mere thought of Tawny Hines out-of-uniform is too awful to contemplate. Not that she wouldn't be the same soul-shattering creature minus nylon finery, but your true diamond connoisseur knows that the ultimate worth of priceless gems is only visible in the perfect setting.*

TIP TOP'S THE BIG EYE

The popularity of leg-watching has increased so tremendously, and it is such a pleasurable pursuit, that it struck us as a little unfair that it should be a more or less one-sided pleasure. That is, most leg-watchers are men, after all, and most watched legs belong to women. Thinking about it, it occurred to us that, with more and more men wearing Bermuda shorts, and with the growing popularity of bare-legged sports like surfing and water-skiing, more and more male legs were being exposed to the female eye. Then, we started to wonder about lady leg-watchers and how they react to masculine stems. It seemed an interesting subject, and so we put some queries to four lovely-legged, nyloned nymphs. Their answers were enlightening to us. Maybe they will be to you too.

The questions: **Do you watch men's legs? If so, why? And what do you think of them?**

Selma Hudson, Beauty operator

Of course I look at men's legs when I have the chance. But let me tell you right away, that it's not for reasons of sex or anything like that. Here's why I do it. I have found that men's legs very often give a clue to their *character*. For instance, long-legged men are domineering. They're always telling you what to do, and how to do it. Short-legged men are impatient, maybe because they have to take more steps to get to the same place. Bow-legged men are generous. I don't know *why*, I've just found it to be that way. Knock-kneed men usually have a bad temper. And men who have tattoos on their legs are usually pretty dangerous. I could tell you a *terrible* story about one that I went with for a while . . . So anyway, I do watch men's legs. But with me it's more like a science than for kicks, you know?

Sandra Siddons, Restaurant hostess

I was born and grew up in Scotland, so seeing the laddies' legs bare in public isn't really anything new to me. I mean I used to see a lot of lads wearing kilts there. I noticed that some looked better than others in skirts, so I guess that my noticing a thing like that proves I was a leg watcher even then. Maybe I'll be considered disloyal, but I must say that I find American men's legs much handsomer than Scotsmen's. I don't know why, but they're not so knobby and rough. But don't forget, mon, I'm a wee bit older now, and take more interest in such things. I will say one more thing, though. I just can't see why Americans are always joking about kilts and wanting to know what a Scots lad wears under 'em. (No – I don't know, mon!) After all, kilties are traditional, and in some ways they're even lots more sensible than pants, and lots less trouble!

Milly Pierce, Drive-in waitress

Sure I like to see a guy with a husky pair of good-looking legs. Why shouldn't I watch men's legs? They watch mine enough, in this outfit I have to work in, with the long, black stockings trying for a high-altitude record, and the itty-bitty flare-out skirt that wouldn't scare a crow! But I don't think that girls get the charge that men do out of leg-watching. Girls' legs are usually prettied up in nylon, and a smooth, high-heeled shoe helps even the prettiest ankle. So, maybe the guys get the best of that bargain. But don't forget that from our point of view, a male leg can be pretty darned kind of sexy too! And you don't see them around as much as you do girls'. That's because of the different types of clothes that men wear: I mean trousers and all. But let me tell you, some of these new, slim-line pants conceal about as much as my ultra-sheers . . . so the boys aren't hiding their lights under any bushel either. Like they say, what's right for the goose ain't bad for the gander! Put me down as a leg-watcher. I guess I am.

Julie Halliday, Switchboard operator

What a type of question to ask a girl right out! Do I watch men's legs? All right, let me think a minute, to see how I want to put it . . . It's like this – in public, mostly when a man's legs are exposed, he's usually on a beach, wearing swimming trunks. And you can't just *stare* at a fellow wearing swimming trunks! Oh, I'll *look*, all right, I mean I'm *human*, after all. And I have to admit I find attractive men's legs, uh – attractive. But I don't stare; just sort of glance over every once in a while. So maybe instead of calling me a leg-watcher, you could call me a *leg-glancer*. Say, that's a pretty good one. I come out with some of the craziest things sometimes! People are always telling me I should write a book or become a comedienne like Doris Day. Even though I'm not a blonde.

popullarno.org

(continued from page 53) **GAMBLE ON GAMS**

directly down from the arctic circle.

Not a word did she utter on the ride home and I knew better than to open my yap and trigger a tirade. And cold, cold, cold was my little Janie's attitude toward me for the next three days. I didn't mention the leg show fiasco and neither did she, but I knew a blast was coming. I knew she was thinking thoughts and building up a head of steam. Since the party she hadn't worn heels in my presence and was usually dressed in that infernal housecoat or some conservative dress.

On the fourth evening after the gams gambit, Janie and I were sitting in the livingroom after a silent supper. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her lower her magazine and look my way. Here it comes, I thought.

"Sam," she drawled in a low serious tone.

I looked up.

"Sam, I think you're sick. . .really sick. I think you should see a psychiatrist and iron out this hose business before it gets out of hand."

I said nothing.

"I mean it," she went on, "If you want to save our marriage, you're going to have to do something about it."

Very slowly I lowered the book I had been reading, looked my beloved in the eye and said, "Okay, sweetie, I've tortured you long enough."

I got up and crossed the room to stand in front of her. "I let it go this long just to make my point more emphatically. But now I want you to call Jack Edmonds, and ask him to read the note I left with him."

"What!" she cried.

"Call Jack Edmonds," I repeated. "I gave him a sealed envelope while you gals were behind the sheet that night."

"Have you lost the rest of your mind?" she queried.

"Look, honey, I told Jack to keep the note for me. He's to read it *to you* only when *you* call and asked him to. Now, be a good girl and do as I ask."

"You're serious, aren't you?" she asked incredulously.

"Never more serious in my life."

She got up from the couch slowly and walked toward the bedroom like a zombie.

"Are you going to call from the bedroom?"

She turned at the door, tilted her head as though to study me more closely and slowly nodded her head in the affirmative before disappearing into the bedroom.

I plopped down on the sofa with my back to the door. I lighted a cigarette and through slow, lazy drags, thought back on my little game. Had I done the right thing? I really didn't know at that moment. It had seemed right at the time, but maybe I had let it go too far. Maybe the rift between us was too deep to fill.

I don't know how long I pondered before I became aware of a softly whispered, "Sam . . . darling," and I knew from the tone of her voice that I had won. I jumped to my feet and turned toward the bedroom.

Janie's stance was that of all vixens and sirens of history but her attire was something else again. She stood framed in the doorway with one hand up and holding the door frame and the other hand on her hip. Along with the warmest come-hither look of all time, she wore her sheerest black nylons, black garter belt, filmy black step-ins, black patent pumps — and nothing more.

"To quote Shakespeare, darling," she purred, "As You Like It." With that utterance I made it over the sofa in one leap and into her arms in another.

You see Janie had been most upset because she had planned to trick me and test me and she thought it had worked even though she hadn't wanted it to. Before appearing in back of the sheet that night, she had switched hose and shoes with another girl to see if I would pick only by what she called the fetish association. Whoever that other girl was, I had put her down as my choice as being my wife, but not before handing the sealed note to Jack Edmonds.

The note Jack read over the phone said, *"Janie, my one and only, just one glance at the line-up and I knew which was you even though you'd switched hose and shoes. You're now in the full-fashioned beige nylons and heeless brown pumps. You see, I love you for yourself! Nylons are nice, but Janie is better than anything. I'm going to upset you and vote wrong. But by the time Jack reads this to you, you'll know why."*

Well, it worked out fine and I do love my Janie most in all the world. Sure, I'm a leg watcher now and for always, and I do vote for nylons and heels as the perfect setting for womankind's greatest asset, her legs. But I've found out that the man who lets his fondness for fine limbs con him into overlooking the personal factor is begging for a batch of trouble. So take a tip from one leg man who looked and learned. TT

UNIQUE NUDIST PUBLICATIONS

SUN ERA

The nude age comes to life before your eyes, bringing illustrated ideas and new understandings of nude culture.

64 pages—16 in full color.

TRIAL COPY $2 ☐
SUBSCRIPTION $10 ☐ 6 issues per yr.

PHOTO FIELD TRIP

The **different** nudist magazine — each issue the full story of a nudist adventure by a group of pioneering sunbathers who find unusual places to enjoy the nudist idea in action.

64 pages—16 in full color.

TRIAL COPY $2 ☐
SUBSCRIPTION $8 ☐ 4 issues per yr.

URBAN NUDIST

A magazine by and for the city - dwelling sun - lover. Nudism from the concrete canyons of the city to the sunbathing delights of the suburbs and beyond.

64 pages—16 in full color.

TRIAL COPY $2 ☐
SUBSCRIPTION $10 ☐ 6 issues per yr.

URBAN NUDIST CALENDAR

A summary of the important events in the nudist's sun year. Each month illustrated with an authentic color photograph taken by a topflight nudist photographer.

PER COPY $1.50 ☐

ALL 16 PAGES IN NATURAL COLOR!

NUDIST COLORAMA 2.50 ☐

ALL 72 PAGES IN NATURAL COLOR!

Plain sealed envelope and First Class Mail Included

Total Remittance: $ _____

NAME.....

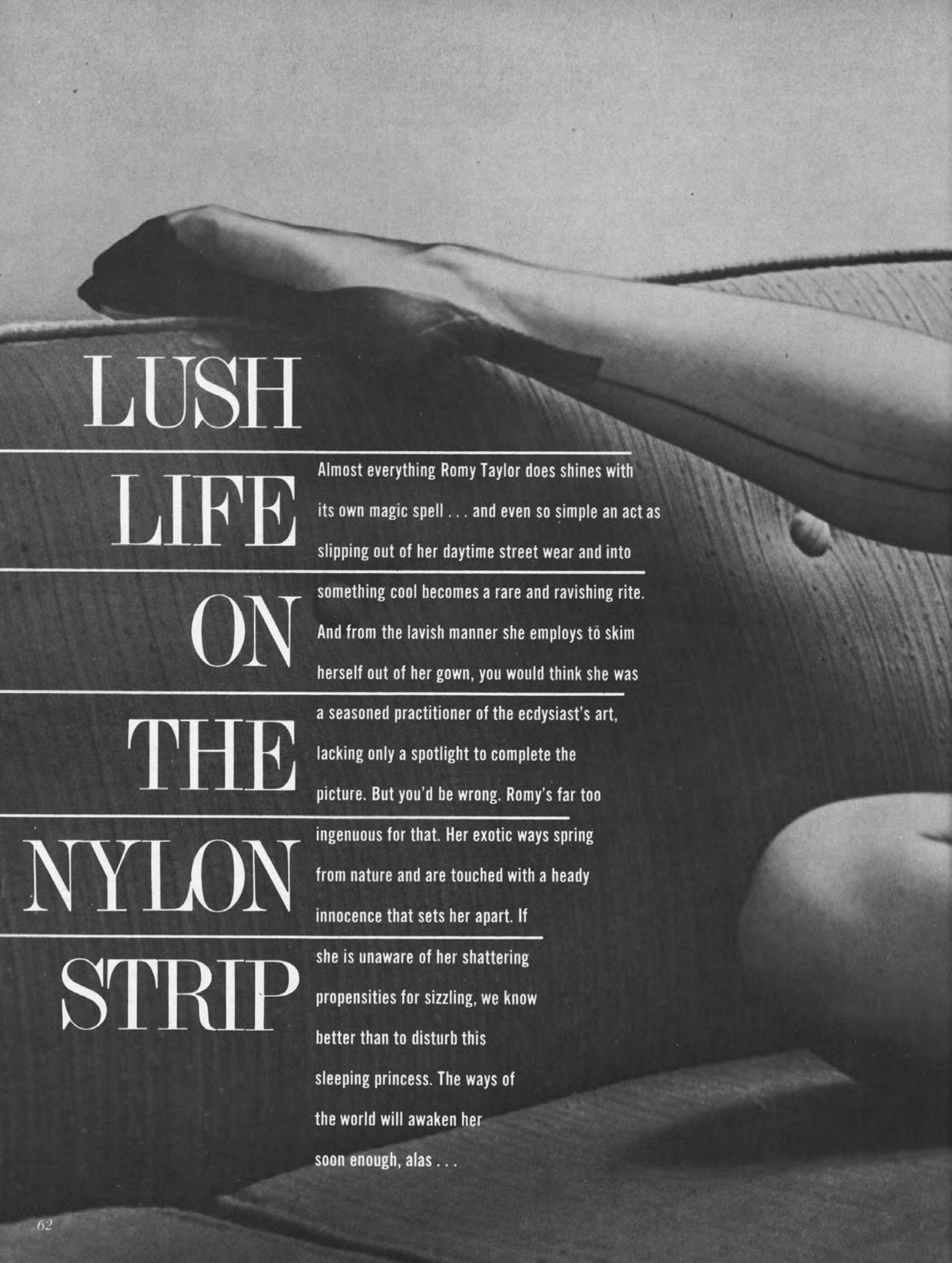
STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

MAKE CHECKS AND MONEY ORDERS TO:

SUN ERA

Box 9366B • North Hollywood, Calif.



LUSH LIFE ON THE NYLON STRIP

Almost everything Romy Taylor does shines with its own magic spell . . . and even so simple an act as slipping out of her daytime street wear and into something cool becomes a rare and ravishing rite. And from the lavish manner she employs to skim herself out of her gown, you would think she was a seasoned practitioner of the ecdysiast's art, lacking only a spotlight to complete the picture. But you'd be wrong. Romy's far too ingenuous for that. Her exotic ways spring from nature and are touched with a heady innocence that sets her apart. If she is unaware of her shattering propensities for sizzling, we know better than to disturb this sleeping princess. The ways of the world will awaken her soon enough, alas . . .

But what of the Romy who remains not-quite-so visible to the naked eye? Wouldn't you know . . . that's another story, entirely. While Romy smolders in the privacy of her boudoir (putting the legendary Lorelei to shame), in the world of big business she leads what she insists is a mousy life. "Really, I just sit at my desk, typing away from 8:30 to 5:00 — and nobody ever pays the slightest attention to me!" Now what sane, clear-sighted male is going to believe such a preposterous assertion? The fact is, she's fully as arresting at work as she is at home.

At work, Romy does far more than merely sit at a typewriter. As an operations manager in a giant electronics organization, she shoulders more than her share of man-sized responsibility. Her familiarity with complex computer problems is nothing short of staggering, and the highly efficient manner she has invested in her job makes her a truly invaluable employee. As for that glaring disparity between a top-flight managerial expert and a smoldering homefront houri, who can hope to explain the perpetually vexing (and intriguing) enigma? You, perhaps? Forget it! Not that you aren't a shrewd enough thinker for the problem at hand, but all those endless hours of idle speculation can be so much more sensibly employed — and so much more usefully, too — in taking the redoubtable Romy exactly as you find her, at full face value, and simply glorying in the glorious prospect.

 (continued from page 43)

lens yen, but not enough know-how. Now's the time to do something about it! Write Dear Elmer Batters . . . *Tip Top Magazine, 7311 Fulton Avenue, North Hollywood, California, 91605.*

PEERLESS, BUT . . .

This magazine, TT, would be impossible for anyone else to top no matter what they tried to publish. However, I would enjoy a few pictures of women wearing all types of pantie girdles. Most women wear these today, you know.

W.F.S.
Chenango Forks, N.Y.

DISTORTION OF BEAUTY

It is not my intention to bombard you with my personal likes, but I would like to offer some observations as a member of the LWL, and as a normal American male who believes in and appreciates the sophisticated quality, beauty and artistic value of the female form — with personal emphasis on the female leg/foot.

It is my opinion that your progressively increasing picture features posing the female in unusual surroundings is inconsistent with the original objectives and intent of TT. In my opinion posing the female in nylon at such places as sandy beaches, stock yards, ghost towns, barren desert, boat decks, railroad cabooses, etc. is a distortion of female beauty; an insult to the finer tonalities of artistic expression. It makes suspect the values, tastes, and talent of the photographer or person responsible for selection of such places. And it appears to be on the increase in TT.

Do not misinterpret my opinions. I enjoy seeing the female form posed on boats, beaches, etc. But there are times and places for everything and every mode. Lounging apparel, lingerie, and filmy feminine wearing apparel is made for the intimate indoors, NOT the public out-of-doors. Viewing a nylon clad female in the stockyard becomes repugnant, regardless of her attributes. Such an environment cheapens, stains and distorts her beauty.

I imagine I will get a retort to the effect that some readers like the poses in these places I am objecting to. The only answer I can give to such a comment is that my appreciation and continued support of TT will be related henceforward to the amount of such distortion you publish.

I originally became a supporter of TT because it was a pleasant change from the usual bare bottom and bosom school of male magazines. TT originally emphasized the more sophisticated side of female beauty. I am frightened by the current and growing trend because it appears that TT is attempting to cheapen this ideal to the point of vulgar satire.

What I desire to put across gentlemen is let the other magazines display their tons of flesh. But let TT maintain its past high degree of quality by bringing the intimately dressed, nylon-displaying female back to suitable surroundings which complement beauty, not oppose it. Show some loyality to the readers who first supported you by disposing of the crude and vulgar. Return to the display of sophisticated female beauty fit for the discriminating male, and make TT unquestionably the highest quality male publication on the market. Your original issues are proof that you are capable of such quality.

J.J.F.
Murfreesboro, Tenn.

TT TO THE RESCUE

I owe your magazine a letter of thanks as it sure has helped things between my girl and me. She is very attractive, but never dressed to show off her legs as she is somewhat timid. She ran across the September issue of TT at my apartment recently and read it from cover to cover. That, plus a few hints dropped via a girlfriend of hers soon produced results. She shied away from the jet black nylons at first, beginning with blues and greys.

Things kept getting better each week and finally we had to go to a special party for which she said she had a surprise for me. I picked her up about 8:00 and WOW, she had on black patent leather high, high heel pumps plus jet black nylons with seams held skin tight by a black garter belt. This was topped off by a very tight skirt that came about three inches above her knees, and on top of it all she had had her brown hair dyed a great shade of platinum blond (a la Betsy Weston) and piled sky high in a teased pouffy beehive hairdo.

Needless to say, she was a real knockout at that party, and really knew how to display those black nyloned gams. She said that she owes it all to TT and wishes that she'd realized sooner just how attractive short skirts and black nylons can be when topped off with sexy eye makeup and hairdo. Keep them coming for both of us!

G.S.
Washington, D.C.

GAM GODDESSES

It gives me great pleasure to compliment you on the general layout of your magazine, and the superior quality of the photography. The girls themselves are goddesses! Their shapely legs, encased in sheer nylons, are indeed to be worshipped and adored.

In the November issue I particularly liked the pose on page three. Enchanting is the only word for those legs! I would gladly share the dog house with that pup!

One question. Do you ever use Sheba Britt? I have seen her poses in other magazines whose photography is not on a par with yours, and I think she would be breath-taking in your wonderful magazine.

W.W.E.
Liverpool, England

☛ *Not so far, but we'll hold our breath until she shows up on the scene. Next time you spot her, send along a picture or two and we'll keep her in mind.*

MORE SNEAKERS!

I have been planning to write a letter to TT for a long time telling you how much we fellows enjoy your style of photographs. It has been a wonderful magazine, and we think it is a hundred times better than the mill run of publications.

Now that I am finally getting around to writing, however, I have to complain. Not really complain, I guess, but at least to say that we are disappointed that you have not had, in your last two issues, any pictures of girls in stockings and sneakers. You did have some a while back, and you have printed a lot of letters indicating that readers like stockings and sneakers. But now you seem not to be doing anything about it.

It's a fact that there is something very sexy about sneakers and stockings on a pretty young girl. Maybe models (and editors!) are not aware of this, but the rest of us are very conscious of it.

Therefore, I hope you will take seriously the pleas of the many readers who have written you and let us enjoy the excitement of seeing, in every issue, a few large photos of luscious young gals in black stockings and sneakers.

D.O.C.
Chicago, Ill.

☛ *Sneakers, believe it or not, are a seasonal item . . . and often enough, a matter of temperament. When a sought-after model is in the mood to wear them, things work out very well for the canvas fans. But when the lady says no, that's it. Smart photographers don't have to be told* no *more*

popullarno.org

than once . . . all of which means that sometimes the inventory runs low. However, if winter comes, can spring be far behind? And when spring hits, you can be sure the sneakers will be coming out of the closet, better than ever.

BETTER THAN ANYTHING

I have been reading and enjoying your magazine for the past several months now and I think it's great. I hope you will believe me when I tell you I have never seen such beautiful models displaying such beautiful gams in any other magazine — or in any other anything for that matter!

I especially enjoyed Sandra Lobo, Lea Merrill, Delia Lear, and Katy Gordon of the November issue. But the girl who I really feel had the greatest legs of all was on page 43 beside the letters: Mrs. R. K. (who was featured in the September *Hosiery on the Homefront*). Please get this lady at all costs and do at least a four page spread on her.

I think your Homefront Division is great and I would like to know if Polaroid snapshots would be acceptable?

S.M.
Concord, Calif.

☛ *Why not! Good clear photos (the larger, the better) are welcome and* all *readers are urged to send in their snapshot handiwork to TT, Homefront Division, 7311 Fulton Avenue, North Hollywood, California, 91605.*

AS THEY REALLY ARE

I've been buying TT ever since it came out and I would say it is the best. All others are trying to imitate it, but without success. I was going to subscribe, but our mail box is too small, and if there's one thing I don't want to happen to an issue, it's to have it all bent and folded. (But I'm moving soon, and then I'll subscribe.)

There is one thing I don't understand . . . how people can ask for pictures of girls in nylons with their feet in sneakers. I know, of course, that you can't satisfy everybody, but to me there is nothing more beautiful than a pair of shapely legs clad in jet black nylons and high, high heels.

Another thing . . . why don't you have the girls in plain white, pink or light blue panties? Why almost all the time black? Why not show them as they really are in everyday life? I am sure I am not alone in asking for this.

T.S.
Cleveland, Ohio

SPORTS CAR VIEW

Congratulations on another great issue in TT November. That cover photo of lovely Delia Lear just jumps out and grabs you. That girl is the absolute end, and I compliment you on showing her lovely legs to their utmost advantage. Redheads just seem to look extra good in sheer black hose and high-heeled pumps.

In answer to R.A.B. who asked (in the letters page) if anyone has noticed the leg views in foreign sports cars . . . I have! I work nights and weekends at a private country club as a doorman, and believe me, I see plenty of sheer stockinged legs as people drive up and get out. Short skirts invariably slide up over stocking tops as the women emerge.

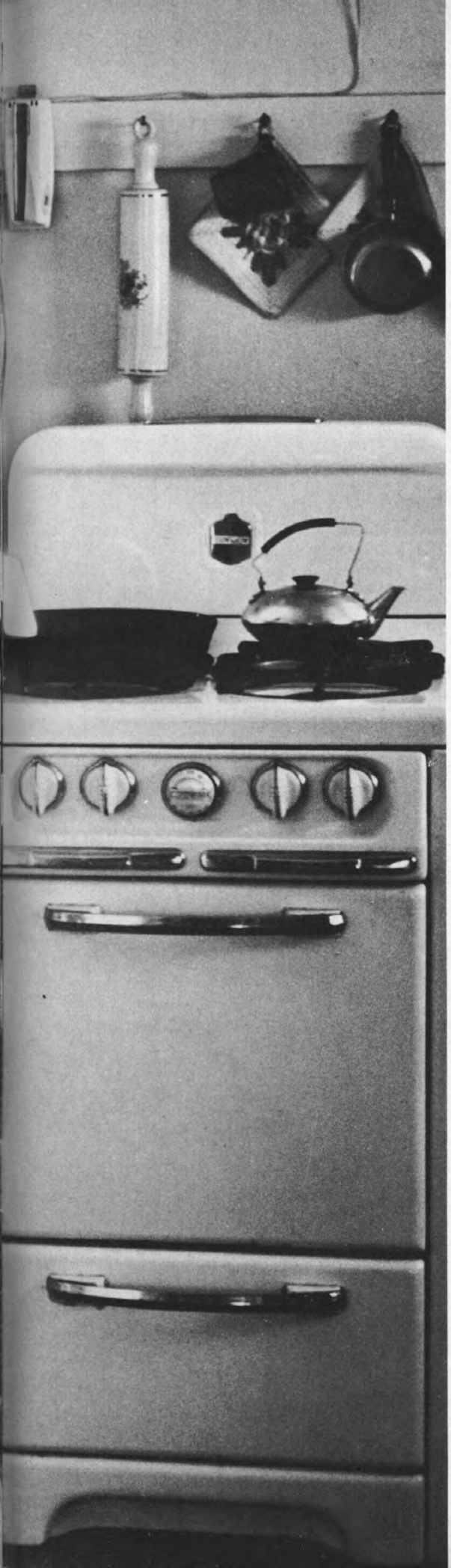
The lights around the club entrance are always bright enough so that I can see from the tips of their silky toes to the very tops of the hose where garters are fastened. In short . . . I enjoy my work, and my job is a leg watcher's dream.

J.S.
Hartford, Conn.

hosiery on the home-front

As long as there's a neat set of trim limbs around to stir up the heart of a home photographer, we can count on TT readers to share the bounty with one another. In this instance, the estimable art work of B. I. D. of Laguna Beach, Calif., who snapped this set of superb shots of Mrs. D. dreamily tending to her household chores and fomenting a mass leg-mania in all who behold the spectacle.

Is there a shutterbug with a hot trigger finger in the crowd? Of course! Leg men, there's more to liking legs than just looking and sighing — especially if the legs in question are close at hand. In short, worthy limb men ought to record their memorable views and then share the wealth with their fellow aficionados — namely you! Grab cameras and start shooting! (Note: watch your framing — and your focus. Cut-off toes or feet and blurry shots make depressing photo fare.) Send clear, glossy prints to: **TT/Homefront Division/ 7311 Fulton Avenue/North Hollywood, California/ZIP Code 91605**

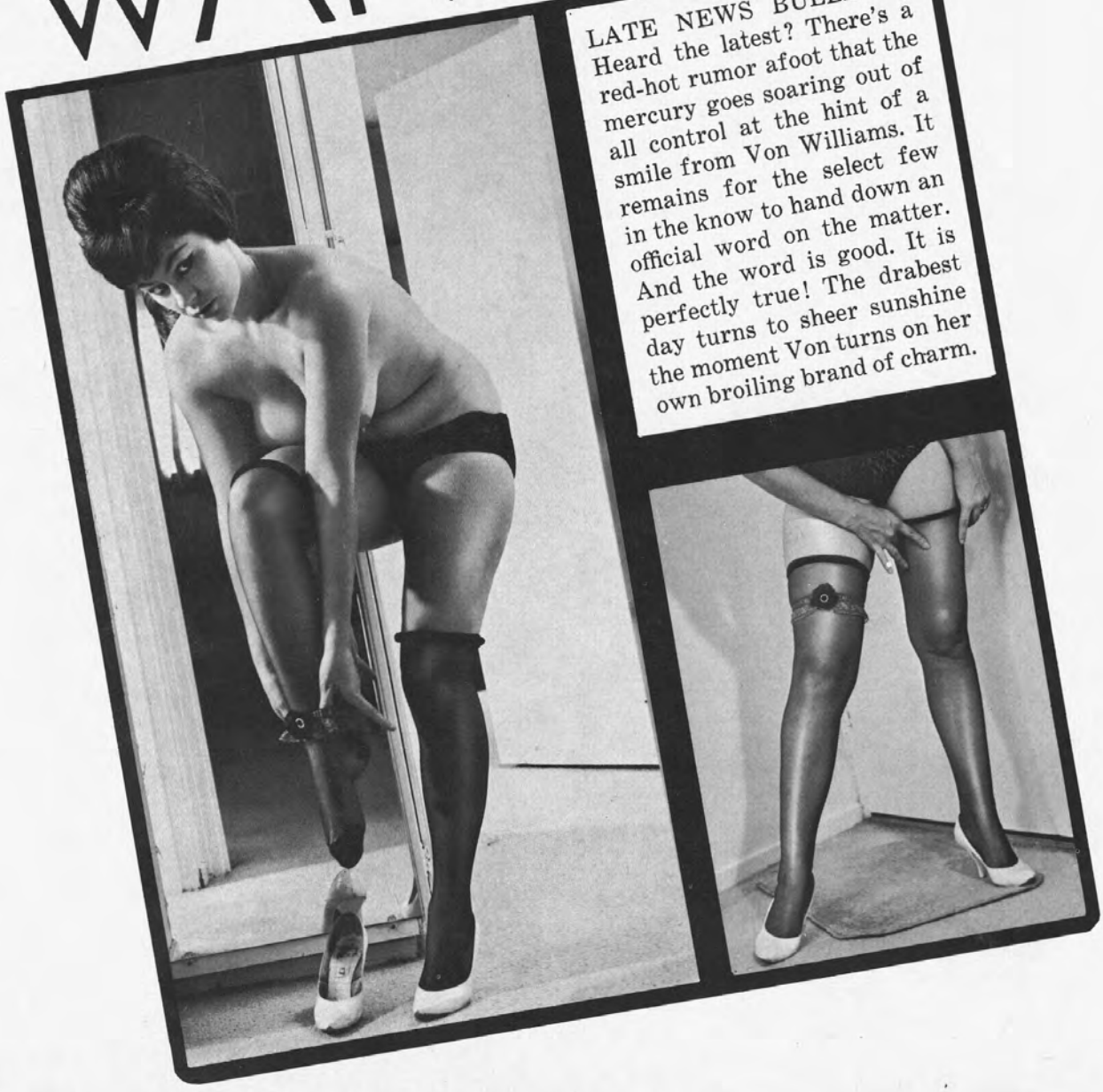


ELMER'S FIGURE FILE

Let time and tide shake the world to its foundation and shape man's destiny anew, leg-happy Elmer Batters will go right on gathering choice specimens for his priceless file. Gloomy types who view the future with open alarm may find some small comfort in the thought that as long as there's a lovely limb to focus on (and a lucky lad around to view the resultant art), Elmer's never going to stop snapping!

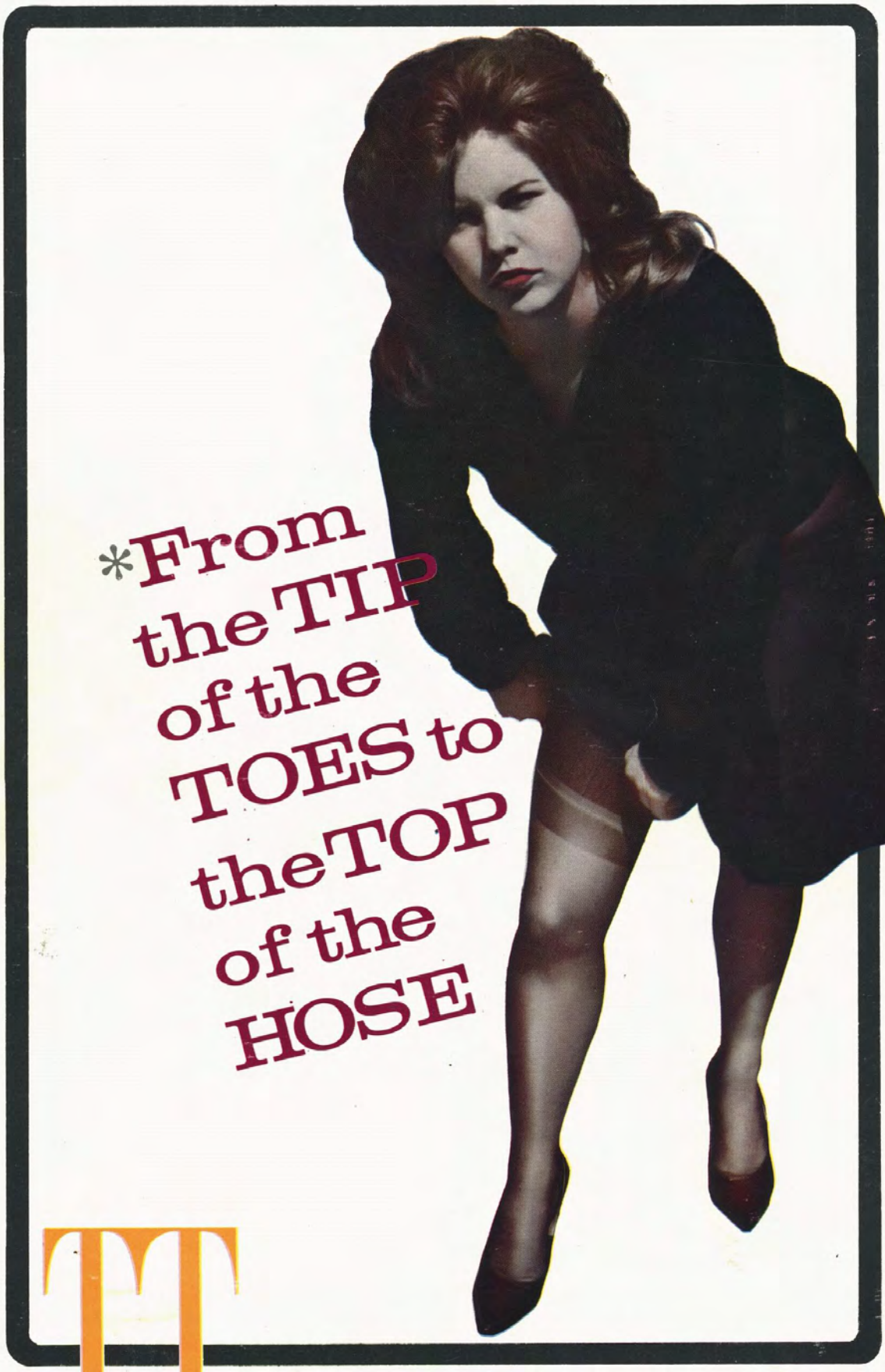
WEATHER REPORT
SHEER & WARMER

LATE NEWS BULLETIN Heard the latest? There's a red-hot rumor afoot that the mercury goes soaring out of all control at the hint of a smile from Von Williams. It remains for the select few in the know to hand down an official word on the matter. And the word is good. It is perfectly true! The drabest day turns to sheer sunshine the moment Von turns on her own broiling brand of charm.



Von and the weather go together, and the resultant variety of moods (ranging across the spectrum from boundless joy to sober, somber introspection) rival the roiling skies of March for sheer instability. Does all this mean Von is an unstable personality? Perish the thought! Just because a girl changes her expression, it doesn't mean that she feels it all over. *"Down deep inside,"* she says, *"I'm still me!"*

But this whole weather thing can be carried too far – even for a vivacious type like Von who will go a long, long way to indulge a mood. Of course, she does have a saving grace, you know. She will gladly admit that she thrives on change far too much for her own good. And if truth is to be told, what Von Williams really wants (and needs!) is to settle down in the time-honored, traditional way with the right person. And who is that? Merely someone who'll know how to keep her on an even keel; some extra-special someone who'll keep her in jet-black nylons and give her a good reason to smile.


*From
the TIP
of the
TOES to
the TOP
of the
HOSE